

DELL

MAY-JUNE

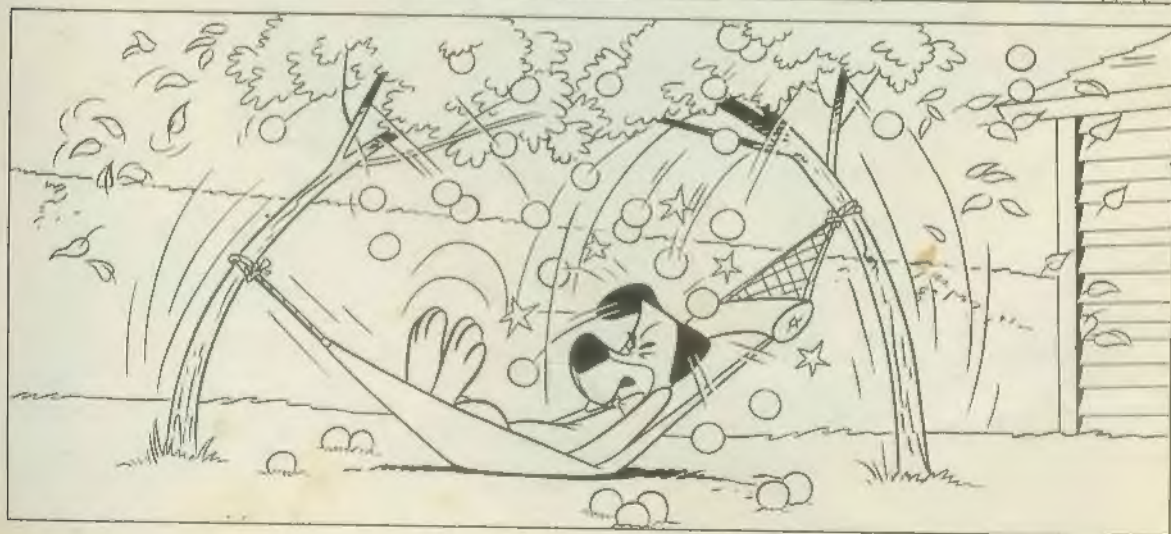
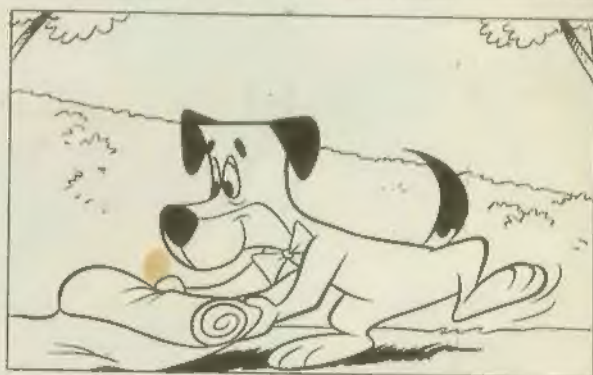
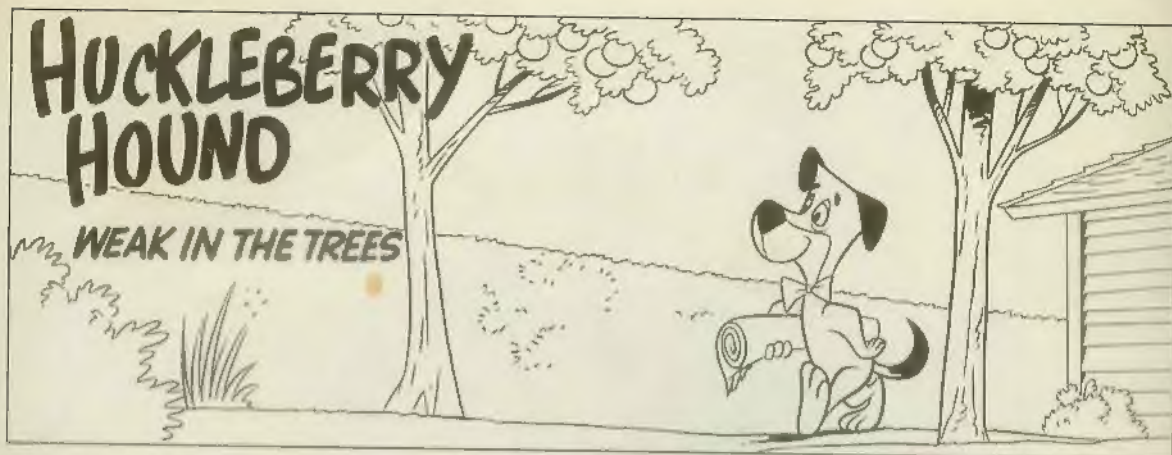
Still 10¢

Huckleberry Hound

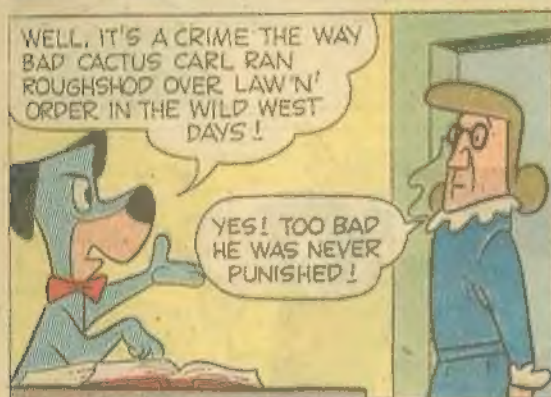


HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

WEAK IN THE TREES



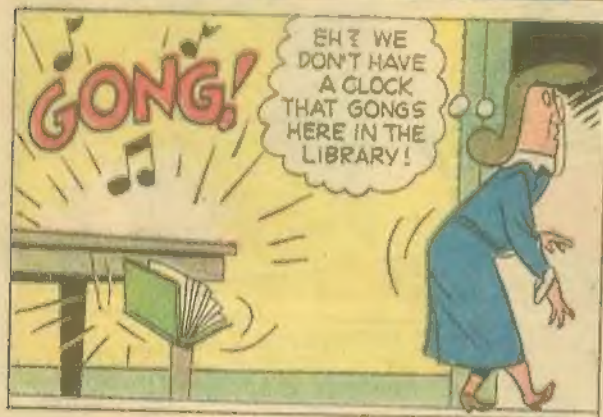
HUCKLEBERRY HOUND TIME JUMPER

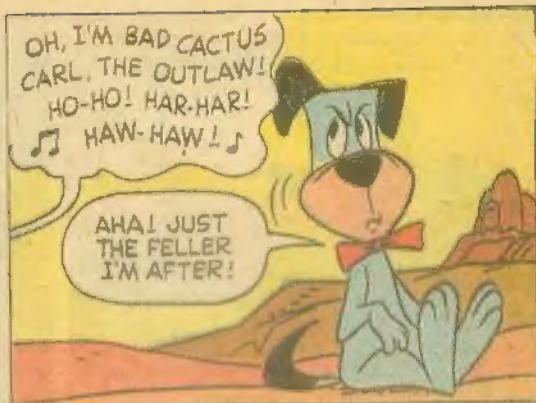


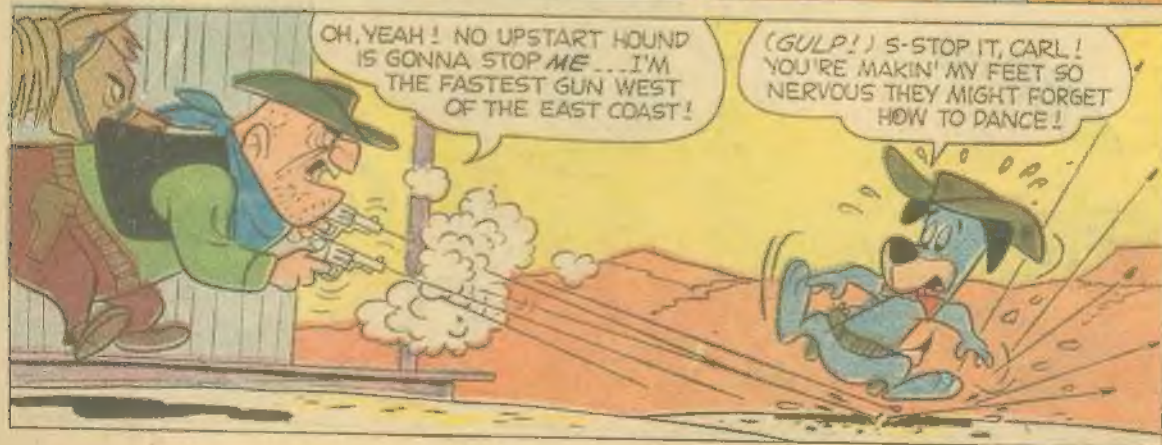
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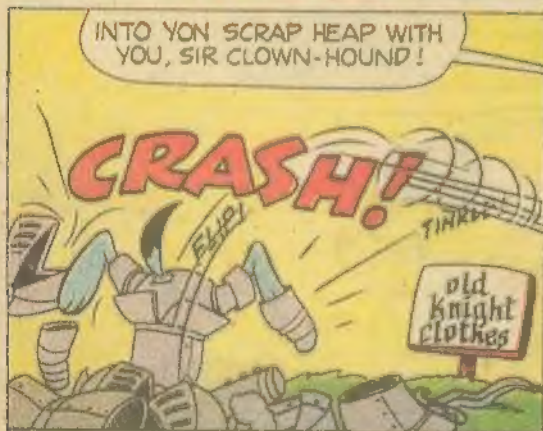
DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS













HMM...MAYBE I'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE...



HEY, THERE, SIR CADDY... I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU YET!

HA, HA! WHAT MORE CAN YOU DO TO ME, FIERCE FELLOW?



WELL, I THINK YOUR HORSE MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN A MODERN INVENTION... THE SIX-SHOOTER!



**BANG!
BANG!
BANG!**



HALP!
MY NOBLE STEED NEVER ACTED LIKE SO BEFORE!

I RECKON THAT'S 'CAUSE HE NEVER HEARD A GUN BEFORE! SORRY, HOSS!



ALLOW ME TO HOLD YOUR EARS! THERE'S GONNA BE ANOTHER NASTY NOISE!



HEH! THE BIGGER THEY COME, THE HARDER THEY FALL, EH, HORSE?

CRASH!

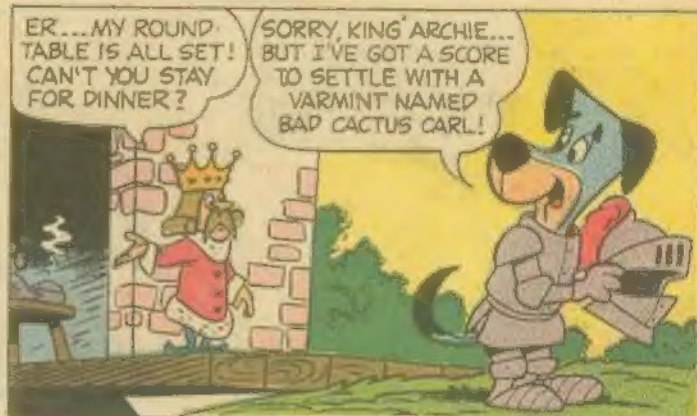


BRAVO, SIR HOUND! YOU'VE UNHORSED SIR CADDY AND CAST HIM INTO PRISON ALL IN ONE SWELL SWOOP WITH YOUR SECRET WEAPON!

SHUCKS! IT'S JUST A PLAIN OL' SIX-SHOOTER, WILD WEST TYPE!



HMM... BUT IF A WILD WEST WEAPON WORKS GOOD IN KNIGHT TIME... MAYBE VISA REVERSA, TOO!



ER... MY ROUND-TABLE IS ALL SET! CAN'T YOU STAY FOR DINNER?

SORRY, KING ARCHIE... BUT I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH A VARMINT NAMED BAD CACTUS CARL!



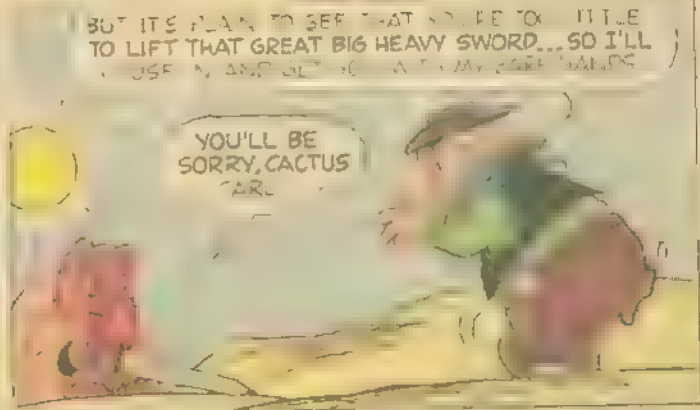
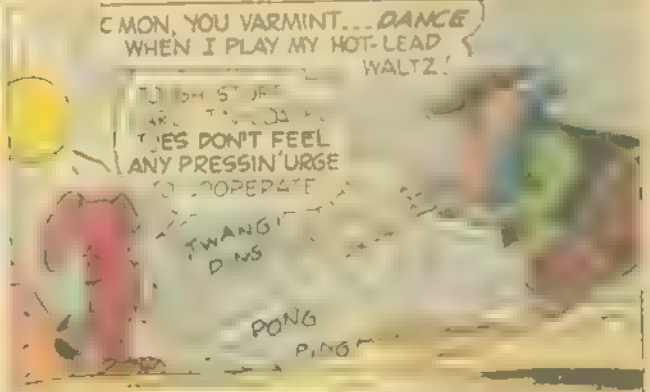
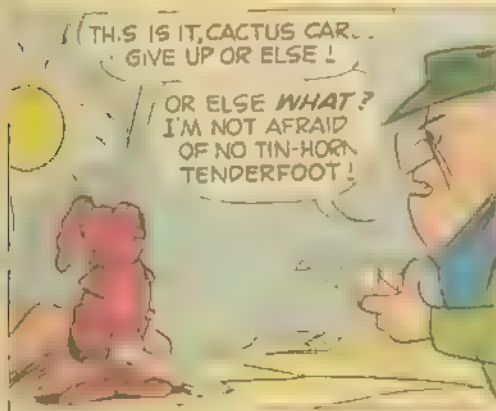
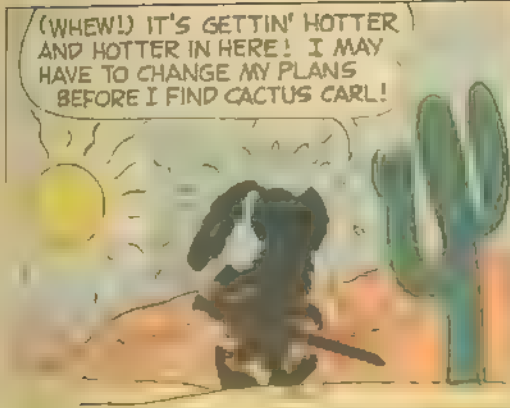
TICK TOCK... TICK TACK... TIME UNLOCK... TAKE ME BACK!

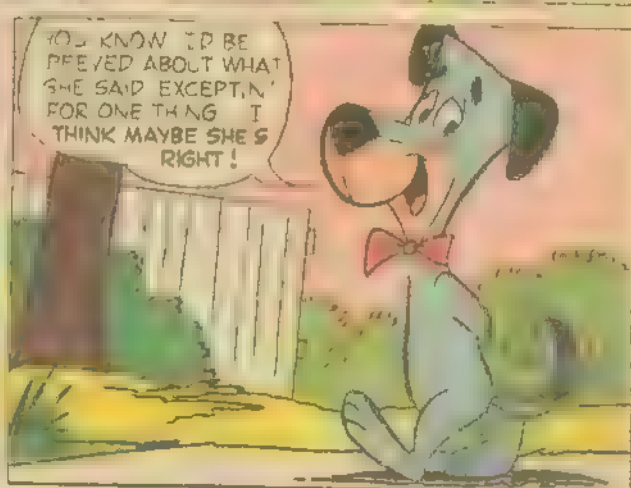
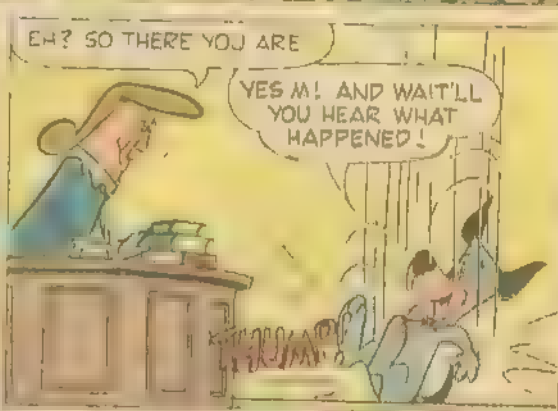
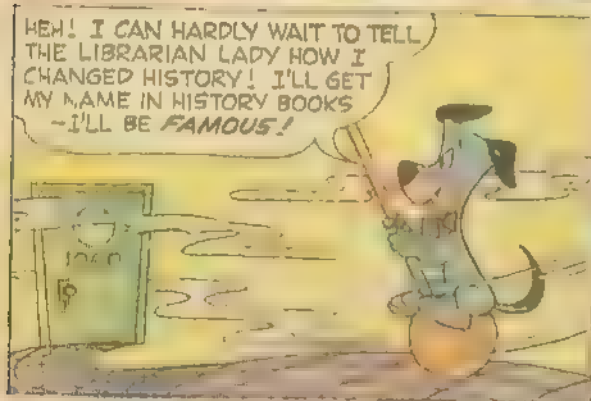
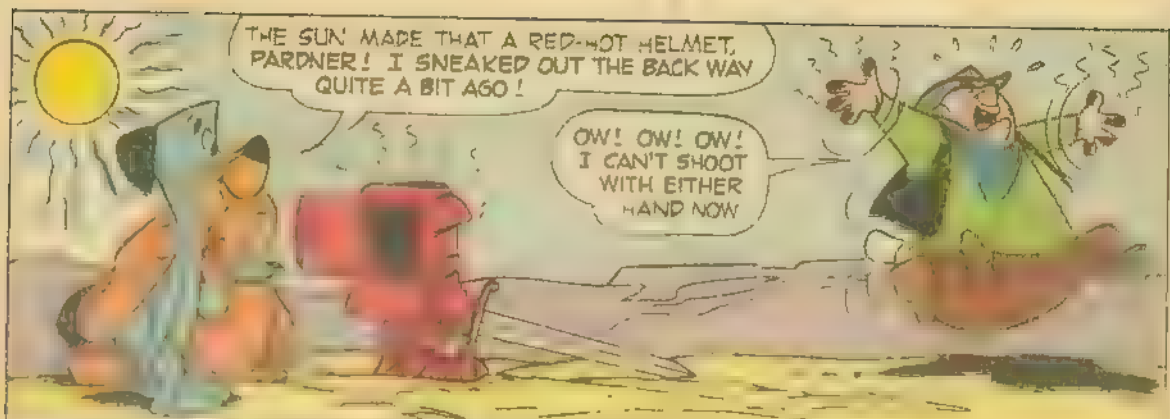


EH? IT'S THE HOMBRE WHO WAS GONNA CHANGE HISTORY FOR US!

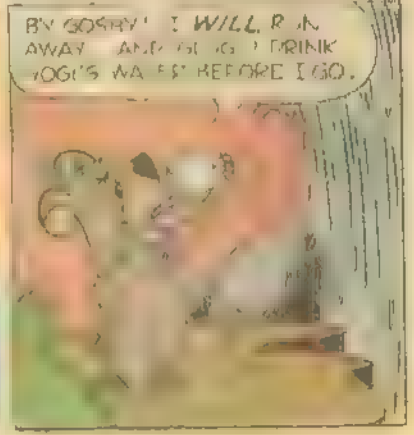
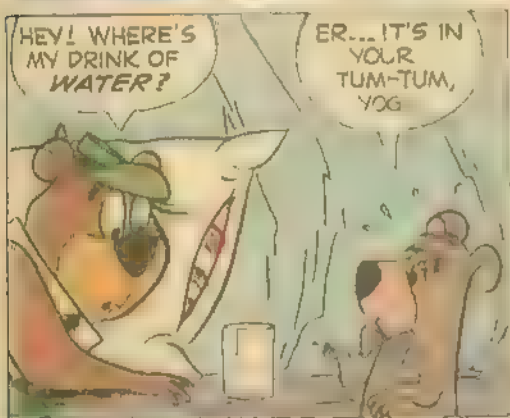


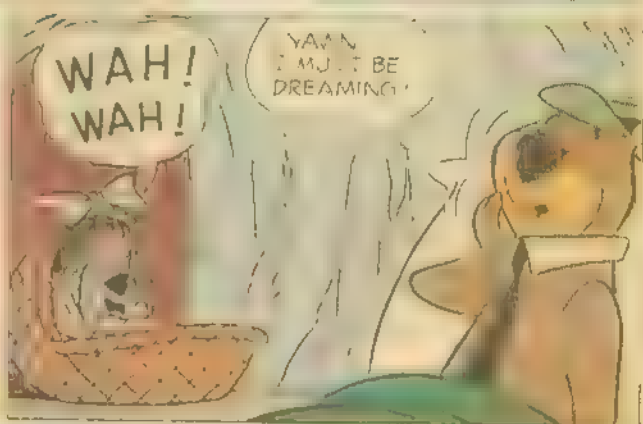
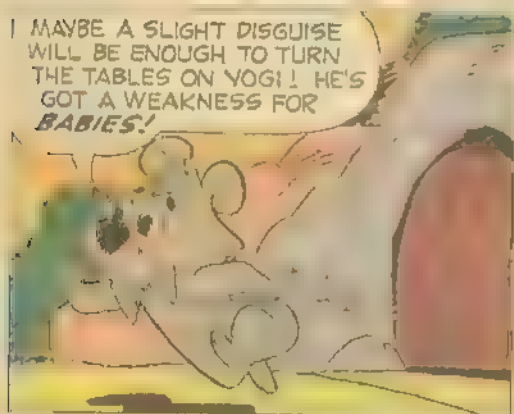
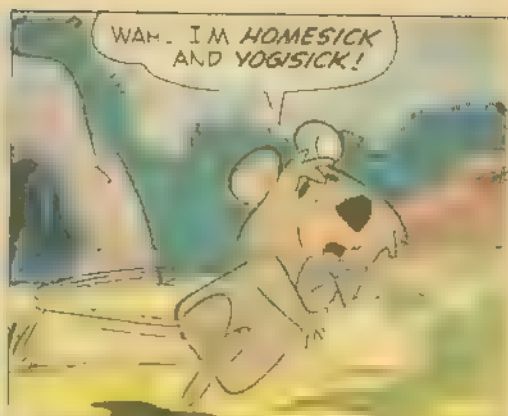
WELL, YOU'RE TOO LATE, PARDNER! BAD CACTUS CARL ALREADY ROBBED THE BANK AND WENT THAT-A-WAY!

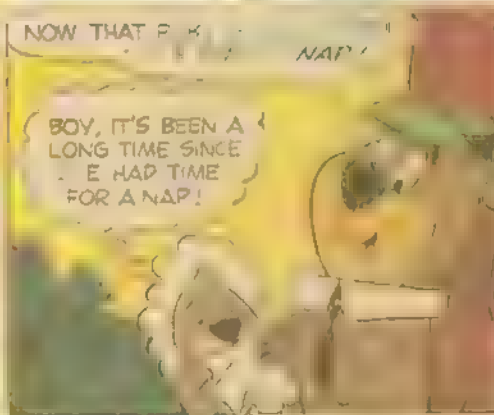
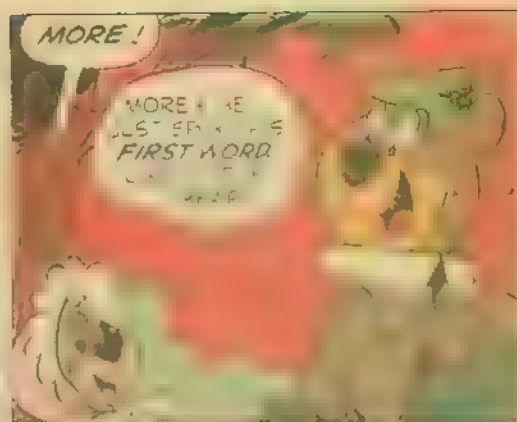
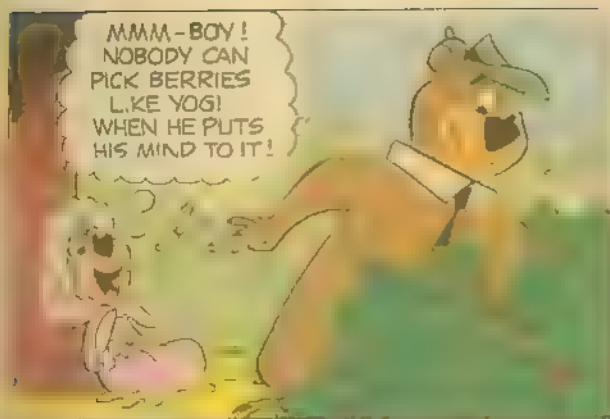


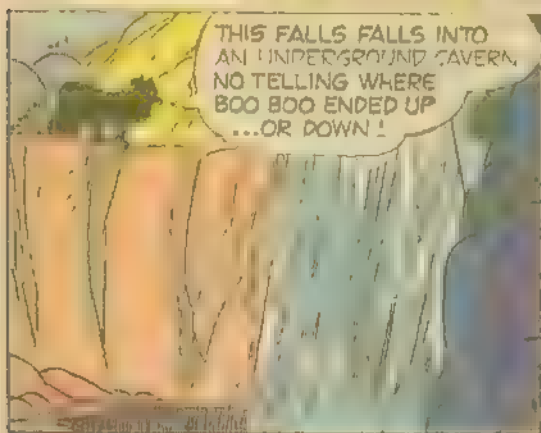
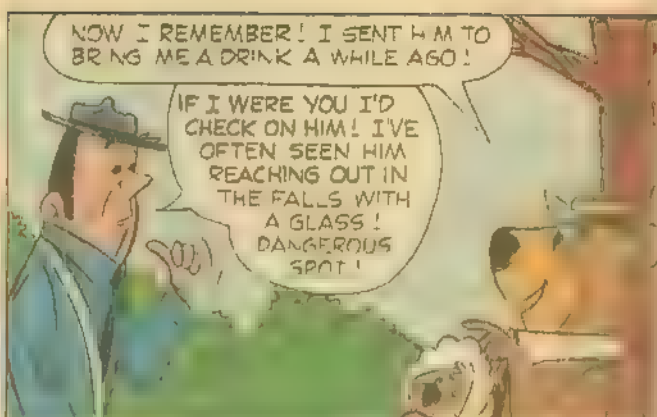
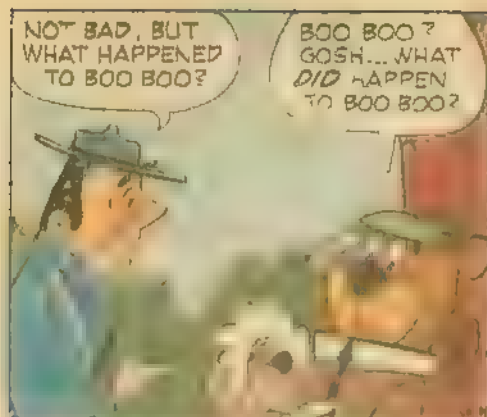


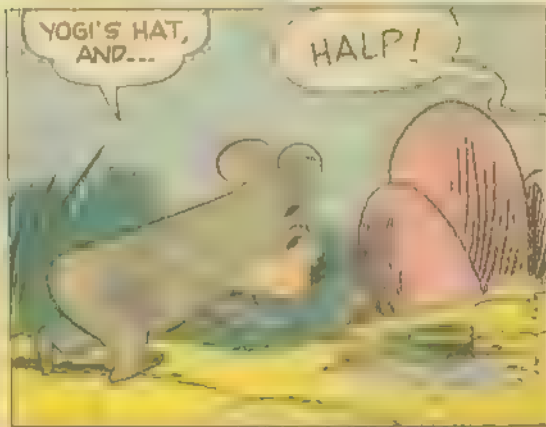
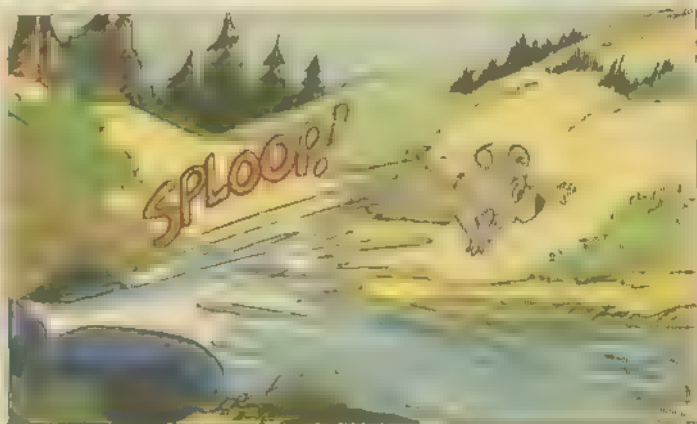
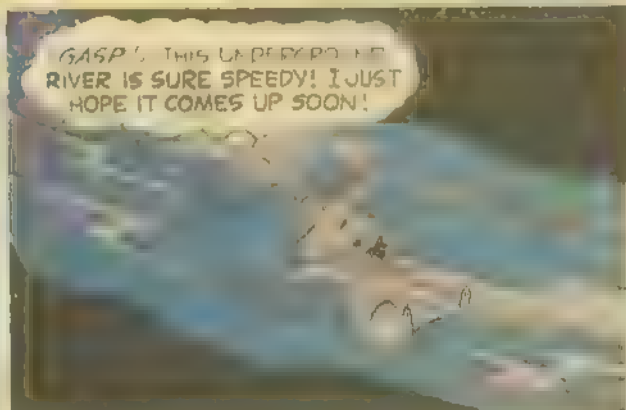
ROCK-A-BYE BOO BOO

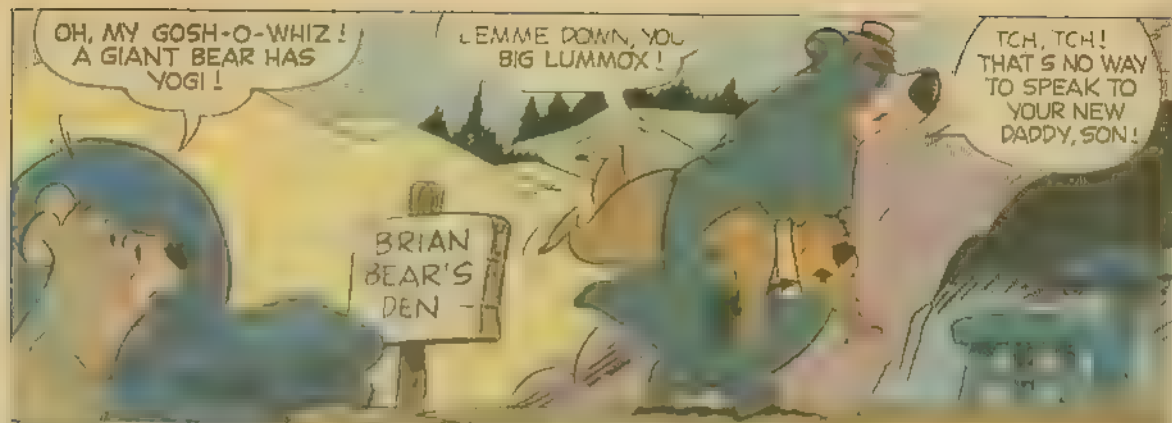






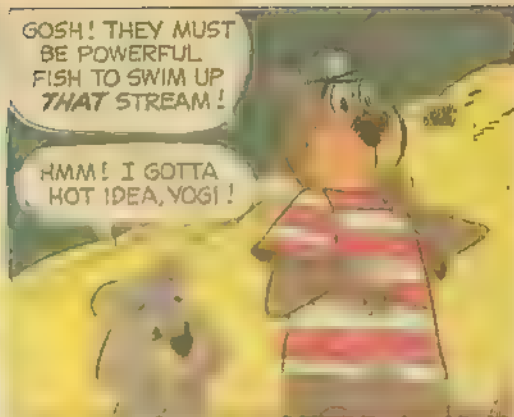








YAY! I LATCHED ONTO ONE OF THOSE GIANT TROUT THAT ARE ALWAYS SWIMMING UPSTREAM!



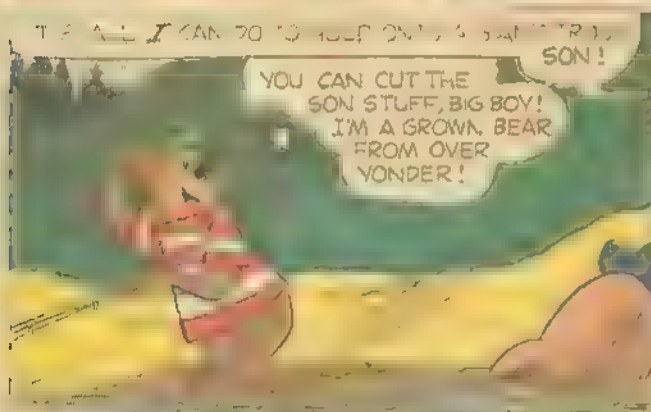
GOSH! THEY MUST BE POWERFUL FISH TO SWIM UP THAT STREAM!

HMM! I GOTTA HOT IDEA, YOGI!



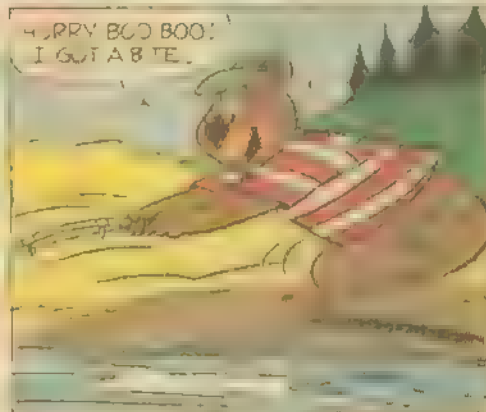
875
372
822

HMM! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE

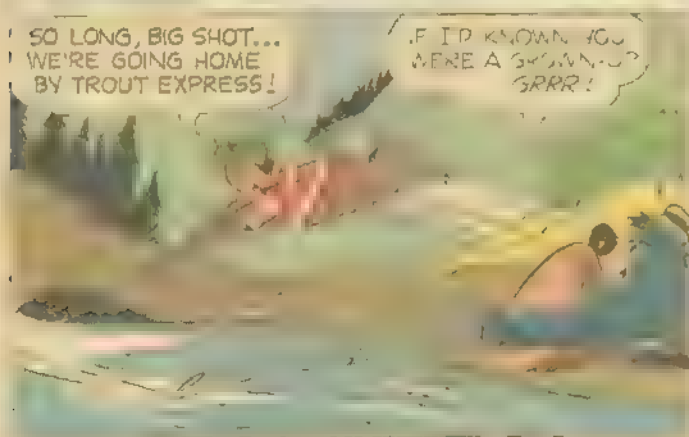


IF ALL I CAN DO IS HOLD ONTO A SALMON, SON!

YOU CAN CUT THE SON STUFF, BIG BOY! I'M A GROWN BEAR FROM OVER YONDER!

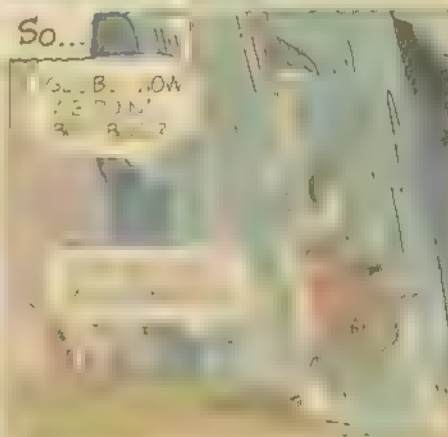


HAPPY BOO BOO! I GOT A BITE!



SO LONG, BIG SHOT... WE'RE GOING HOME BY TROUT EXPRESS!

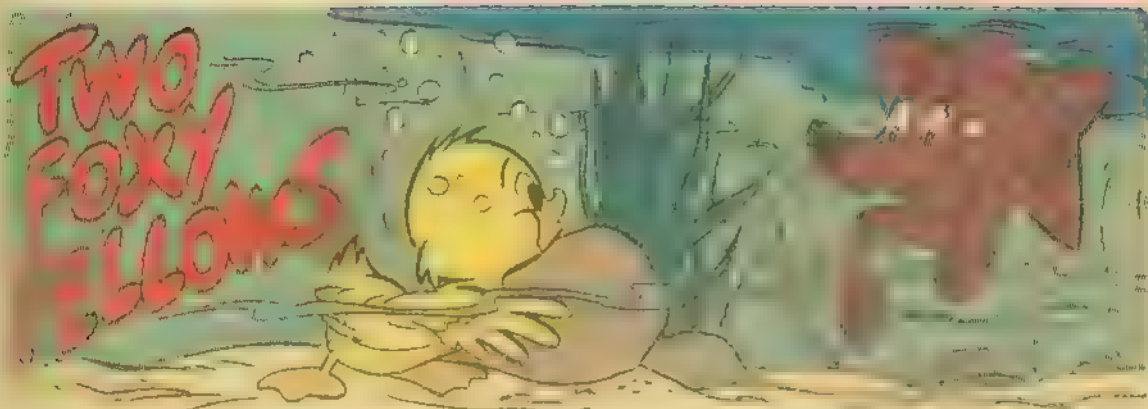
IF I'D KNOWN YOU WERE A GROWN-UP GRRR!



So...

WELL, B. NOW
FEELIN'
A BIT?





One bright sunny morning Biddu Buddy sat motionless on the bank of his pond and gazed at his reflection in the water. "Wak!" He addressed his image. "I know you. You're me."

As he was cocking his head to see if he could trick his image into moving the wrong way, another face loomed up beside his.

"Wak, and double wak!" squawked the duckling. "I know you. You're a fox."

Before the fox could move, Biddu Buddy dove into the water and swam to the bottom.

The fox quickly recovered from his surprise and plunged into the water, too.

"Hey, Biddu Buddy, old pal," he called. "why are you skedoodling? Don't think that just because we foxes have been known to have an occasional duck for dinner that I'd hunt an itty bitty fellow like you. Heh, heh, heh! I just want to play."

Under the water, Biddu Buddy heard the sly fox's doubtful story. "He's not fooling me one teensy weensy bit," he thought to himself. "I'll just swim over to that bunch of lily pads and hide until he goes away."

The fox searched for Biddu Buddy, swimming this way and that. Finally he scrambled up on shore once again.

He paced back and forth along the bank of the pond, his keen eyes searching the half-exposed sunken logs and other likely-looking hiding places in the water.

Suddenly he stopped, a scheming gleam shining in his eyes. Looking up at the sky, he called loudly, "Oh, my! Here comes a flock of big ducks. I'd better get out of here before they swoop down and start pecking at me to drive me away."

From his hiding place among the lily pads, Biddu Buddy couldn't resist raising up a bit

in order to look up at the sky, too.

Catching the slight movement with his sharp eyes, the fox immediately leaped into the middle of the lily pads and snatched Biddu Buddy up in his mouth.

"Put me down, you big bully!" Biddu Buddy stormed, angered at being tricked so easily. "Let me go this instant."

"Mm-oh, mm-no," the fox mumbled from between clenched teeth as he swam for shore.

"If you don't put me down, I'll peck you good and hard," Biddu Buddy vowed stoutly.

"Um-um-um!" the fox giggled, trotting through the woods. "Mm-you mm-can't mm-reach mm-me!"

"Look," Biddu Buddy said suddenly changing his tactics. "I know where a tiny duck plays under a bush by my pond."

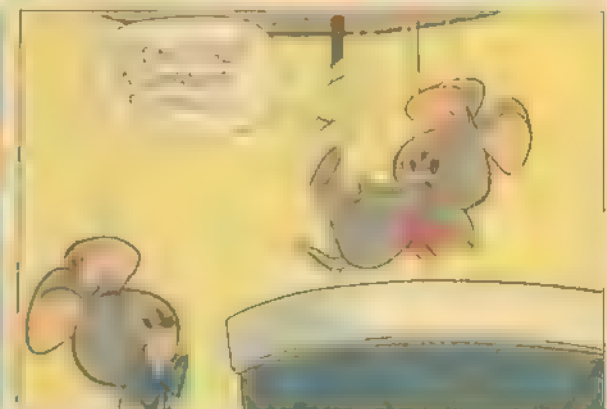
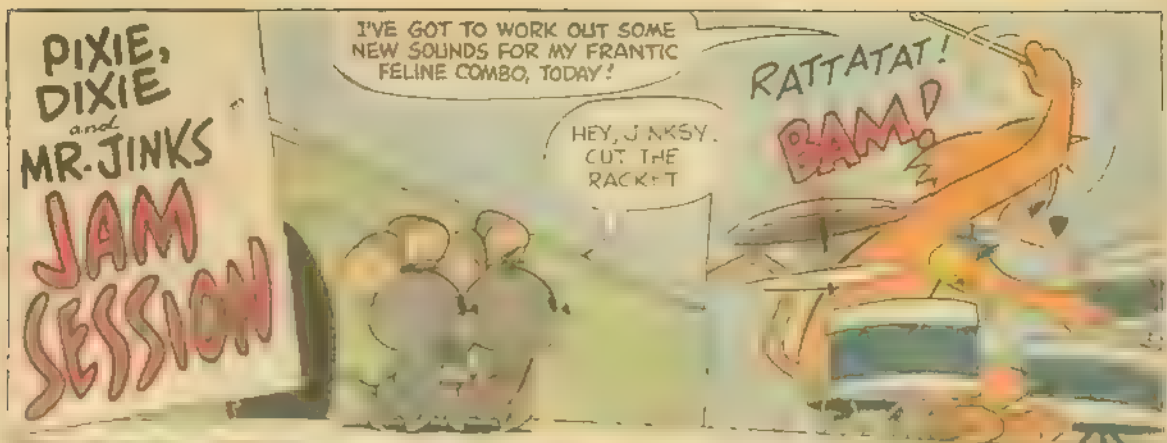
"Hmm," the fox thought, "why mess around with only one duck, when I can get two?"

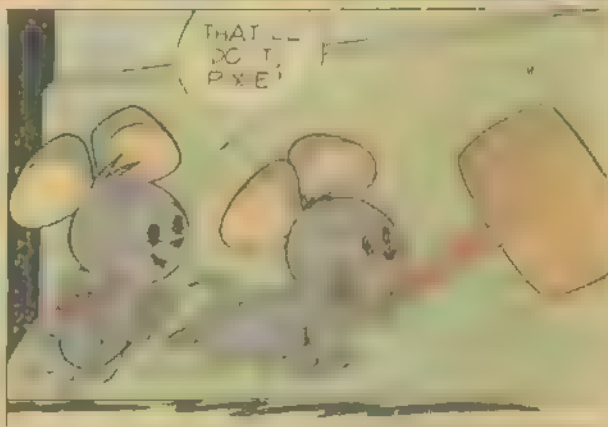
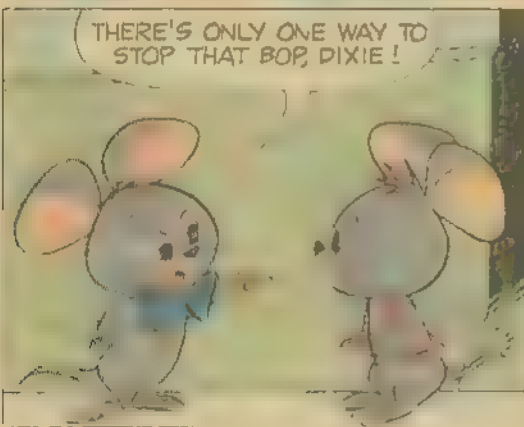
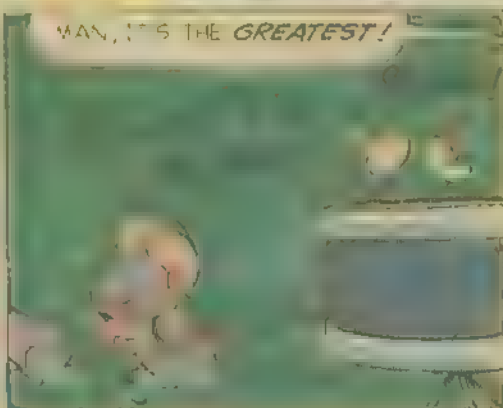
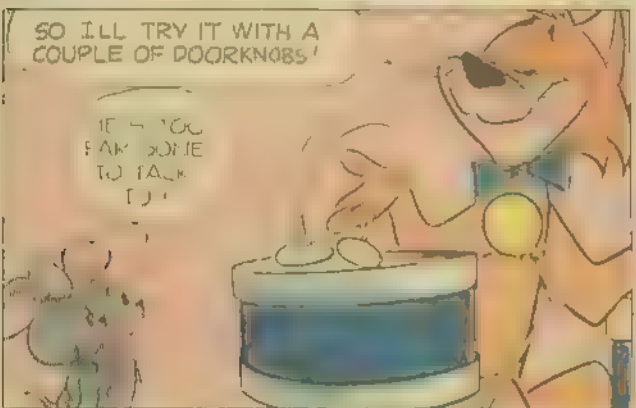
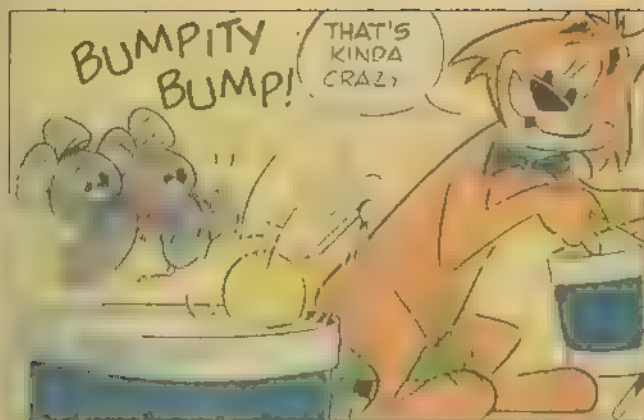
The fox urged Biddu to show him where the bush was located, and Biddu directed him to his pond and pointed out a particularly thick bramble bush.

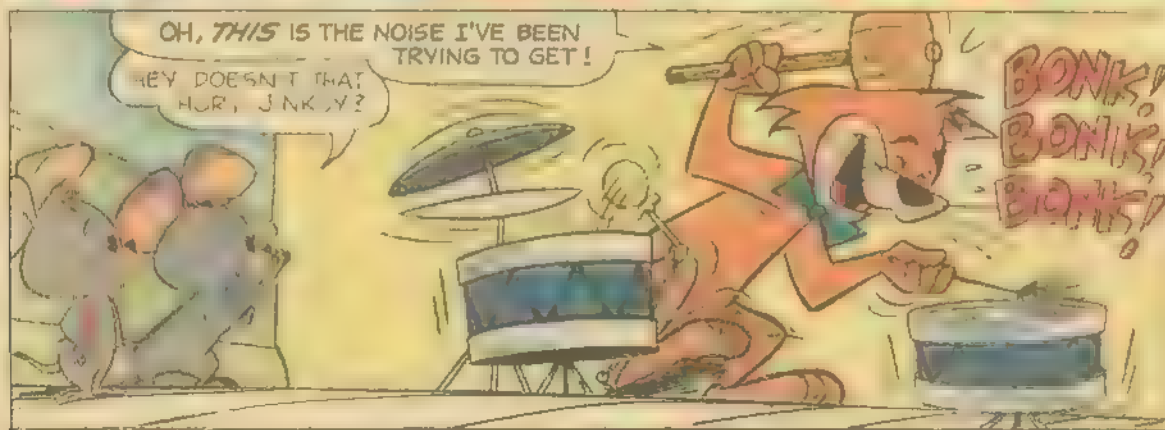
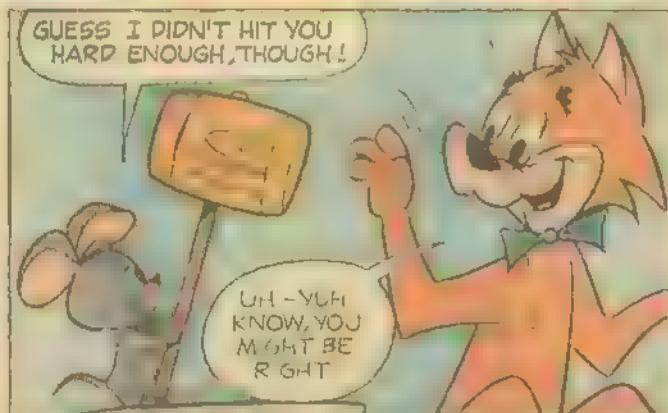
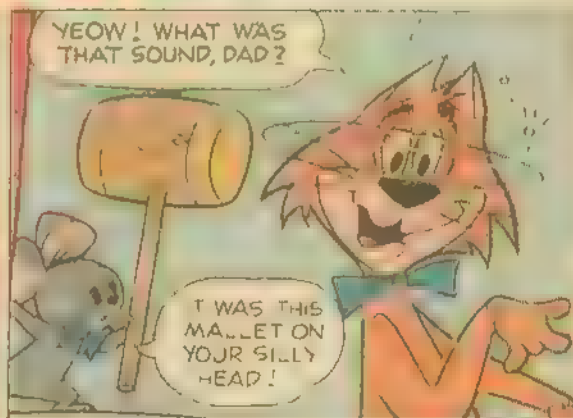
"If you'll put me down," Biddu whispered, "I'll sneak under the bush and see if he's there. I promise you I won't go any farther than two feet away."

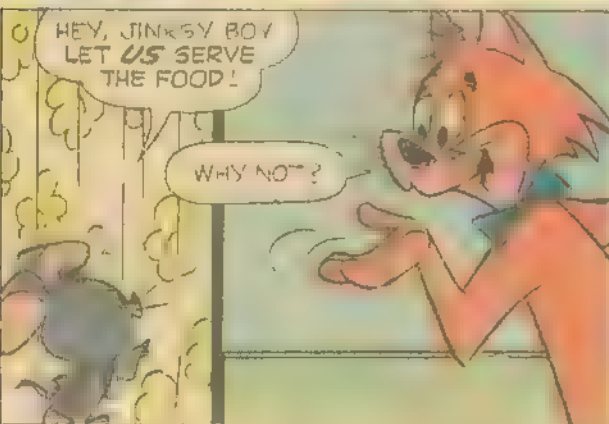
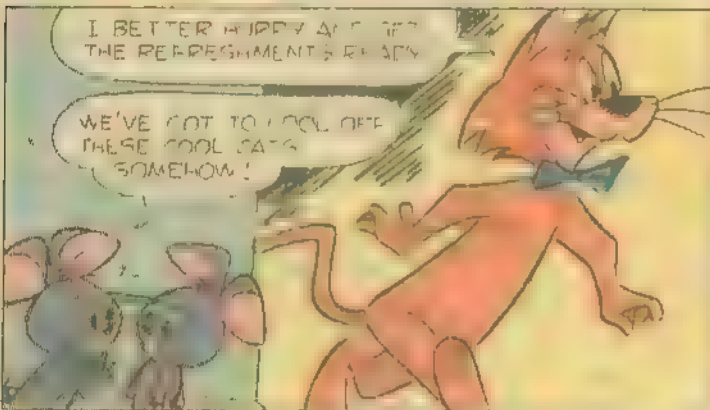
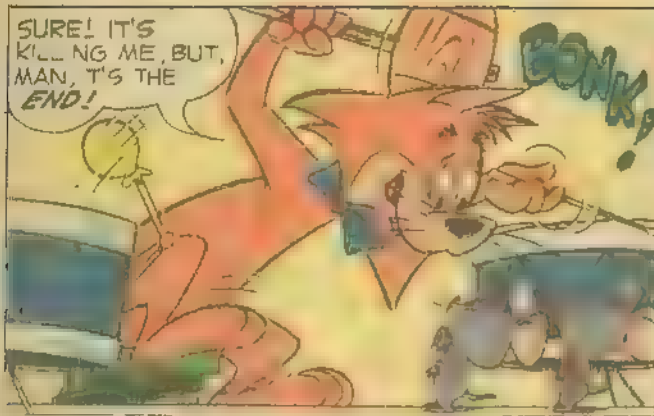
"Well, okay," the fox said as he released Biddu. "but remember, I'm faster than you, so you can't get away."

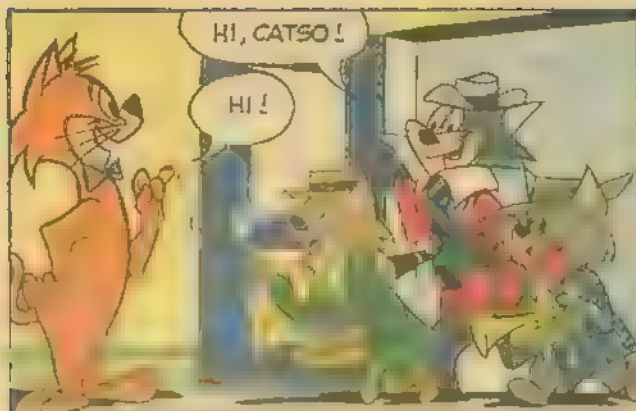
Biddu nodded and then walked calmly under the bush. "I'm two feet away from you now," he called, "and guess what? The duck who plays under here sometimes is me, and the bush is too thick for you to get into to reach me. Wak, wak," he laughed. "They ought to change that old expression, 'as cunning as a fox,' to 'as cunning as a duck'."







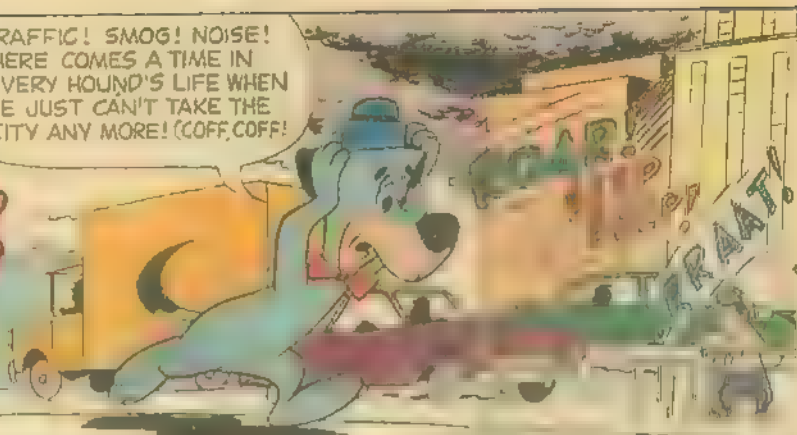




HUCKLEBERRY
HOUND

THE WELPLESS HELPER

TRAFFIC! SMOG! NOISE!
THERE COMES A TIME IN
EVERY HOUND'S LIFE WHEN
HE JUST CAN'T TAKE THE
CITY ANY MORE! (COFF, COFF!)



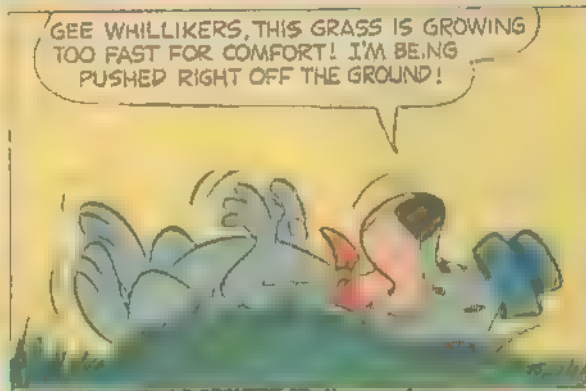
I KNOW A NICE LI'L PATCH OF
WOODS WAY OUT IN THE
COUNTRY WHERE I CAN
RELAX IN PEACE AND
GL ET, WITH NOTHING
NOR NOBODY TO
BOTHER ME!



SHORTLY... MMM... IT'S SURE GOOD TO GET
AWAY FROM THE HUSTLE AND BUSTLE
OF THE CITY AND JUST STRETCH OUT ON THE NICE
SOFT GRASS AND WATCH THE
BUTTERFLIES FLUTTER BY!



BOY, THIS OL' GRASS SURE IS
GROWING FAST! I CAN FEEL
IT PUSHING AGAINST MY
SPINE BONE!



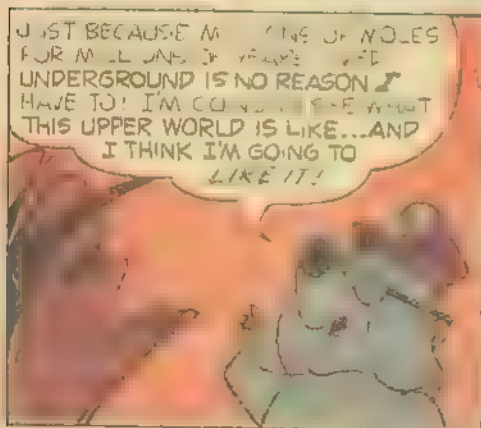
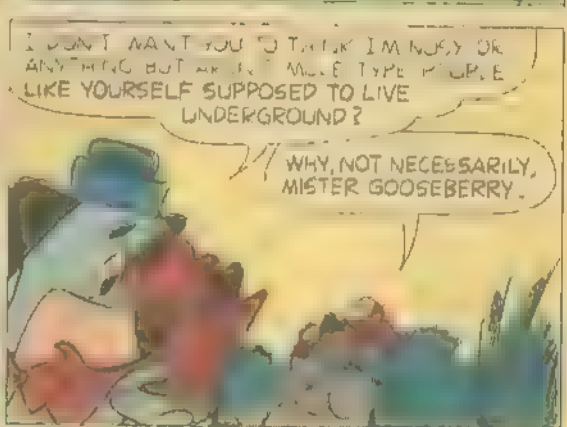
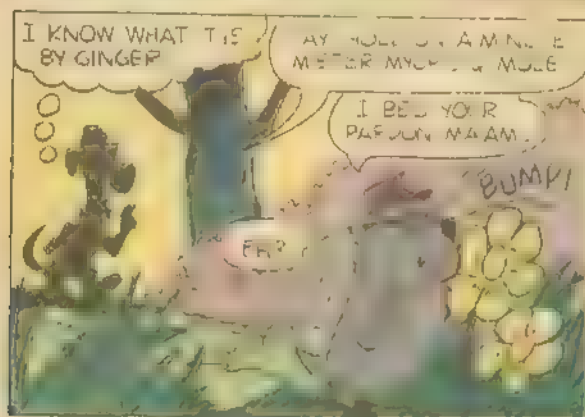
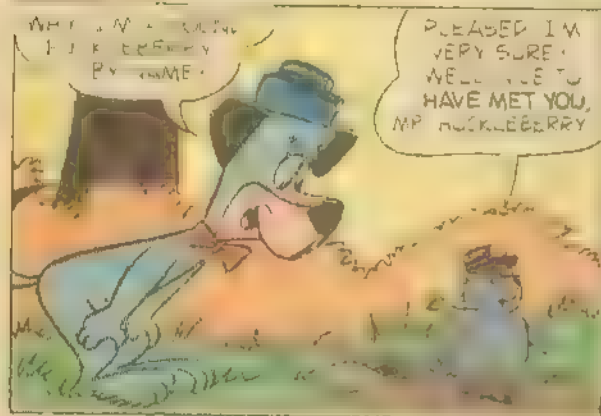
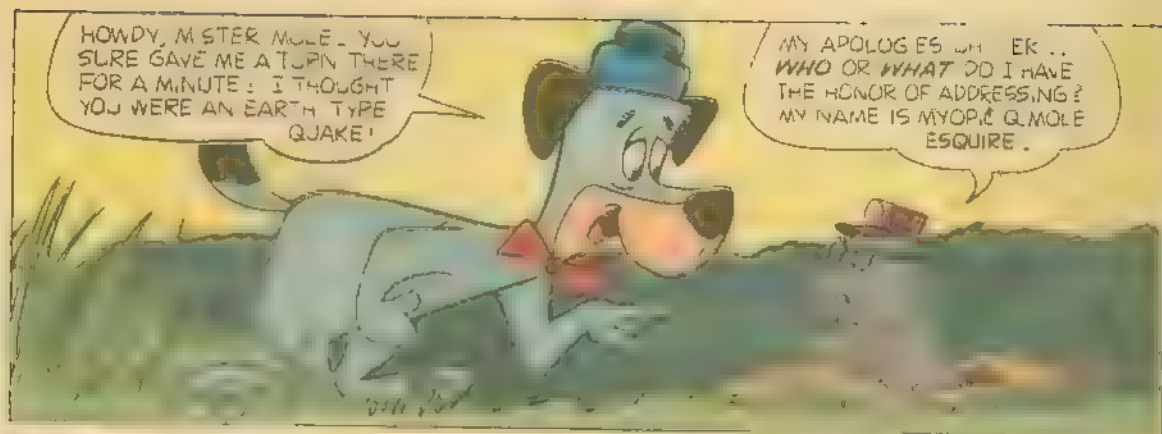
GEE WHILLIKERS, THIS GRASS IS GROWING
TOO FAST FOR COMFORT! I'M BEING
PUSHED RIGHT OFF THE GROUND!

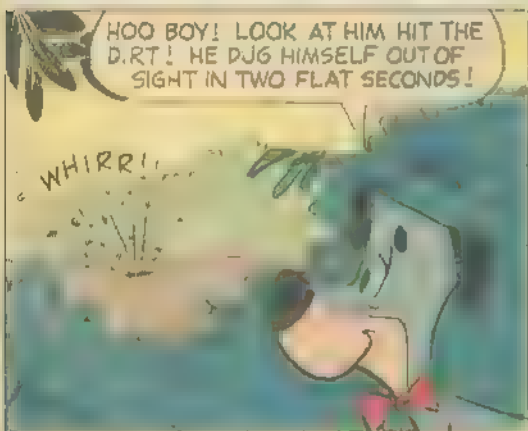
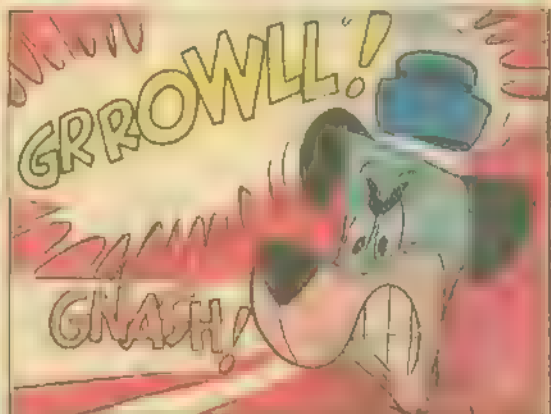
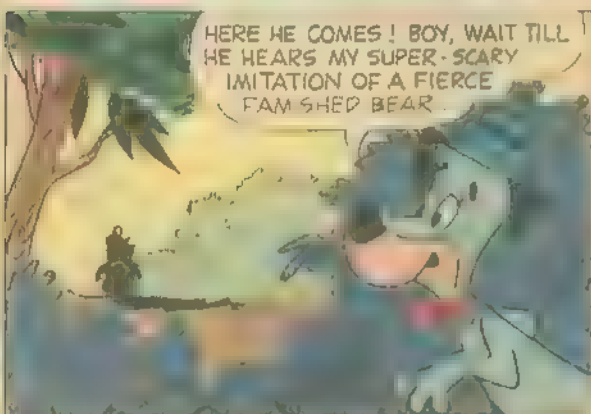
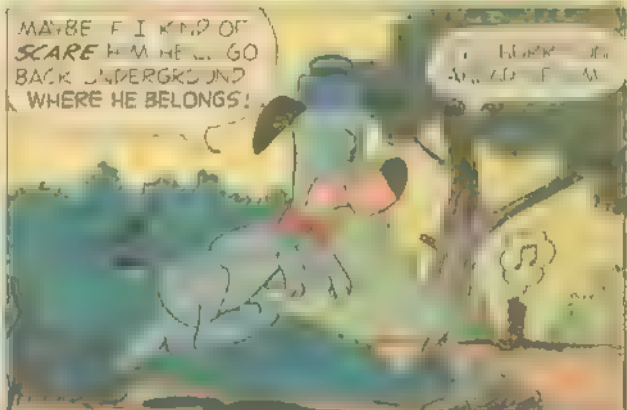
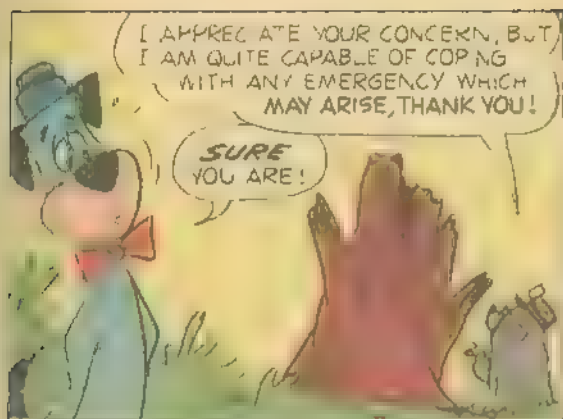


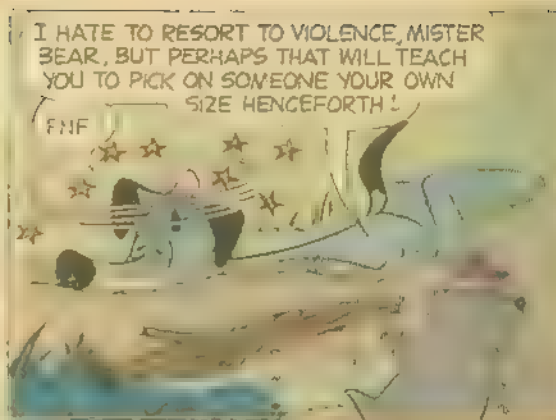
WELL, SHAKE MY
SEISMOGRAPH!
IT'S NOT GRASS
'GROWING! IT'S
AN EARTH-TYPE
QUAKE!



HMM I DOG MY CATS! IT
WASN'T AN EARTH-TYPE
QUAKE AT ALL! IT'S A
MOLE!





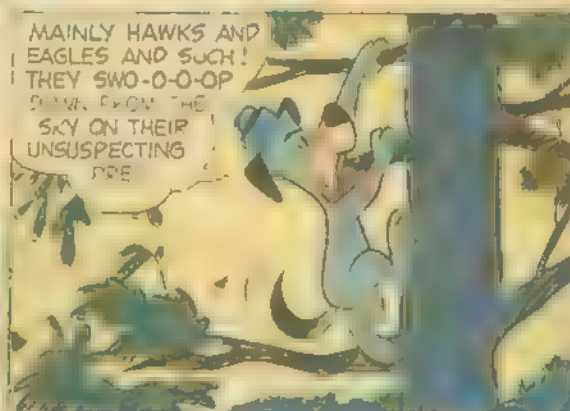


I HATE TO RESORT TO VIOLENCE, MISTER BEAR, BUT PERHAPS THAT WILL TEACH YOU TO PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE HENCEFORTH!

FINF



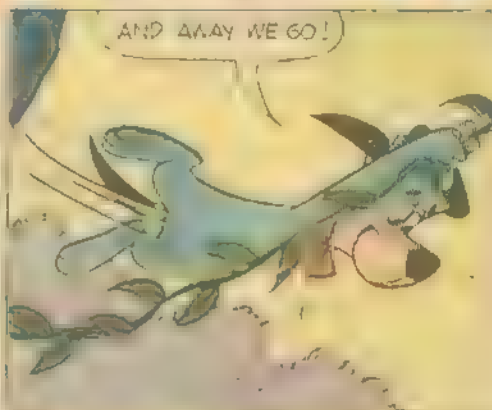
WELL, MAYBE THAT LI'L DIGGER CAN COPE WITH NOISY, GROUND-TYPE DANGERS, BUT THERE'S ANOTHER KIND THAT COMES SWOOPIN' SILENTLY FROM UP!



MAINLY HAWKS AND EAGLES AND SUCH! THEY SWO-O-O-OP DOWN FROM THE SKY ON THEIR UNSUSPECTING PREY



I'LL SWOOP DOWN WITH THIS STOUT VINE ON THAT UNSUSPECTING MOLE-TYPE PREY AND GRAB HIS HAT! HE'LL THINK A HAWK MADE A NEAR MISS!



AND AWAY WE GO!



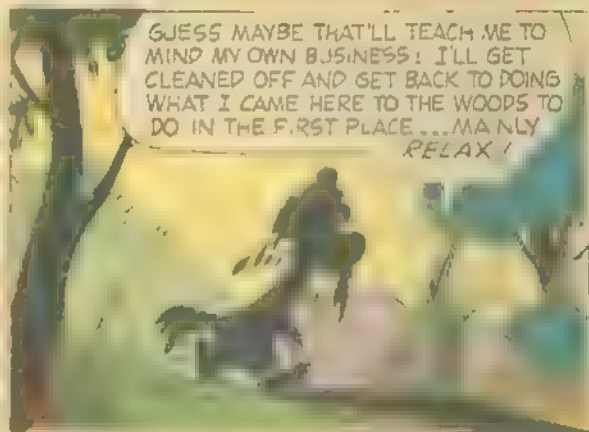
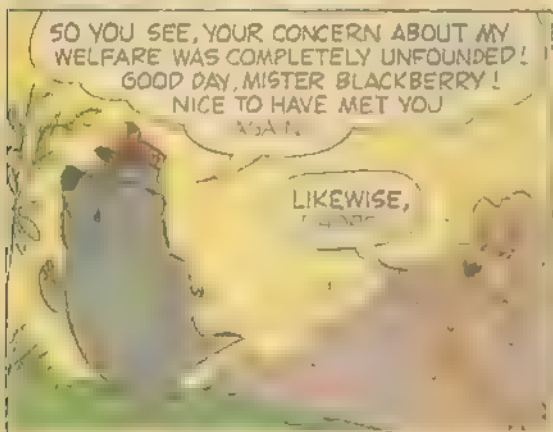
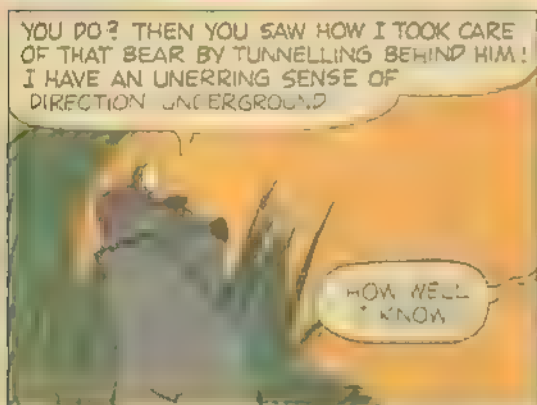
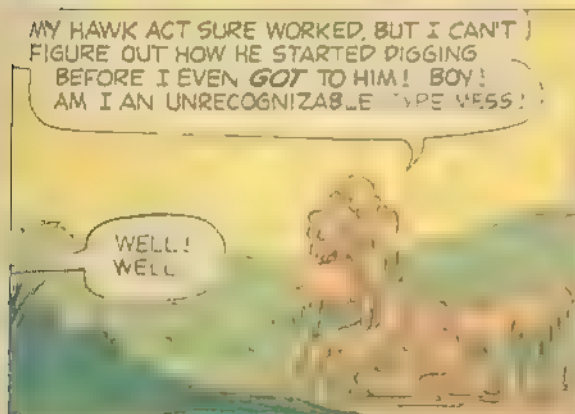
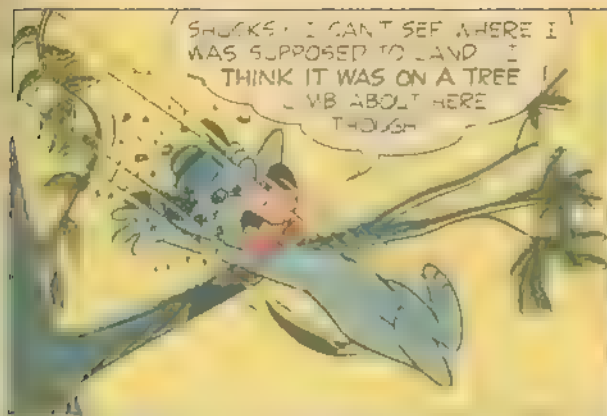
BOY, WHEN HE REALIZES WHAT A CLOSE CALL HE HAD HE'LL REALLY MAKE THAT OL' DIRT FLY!



URK!

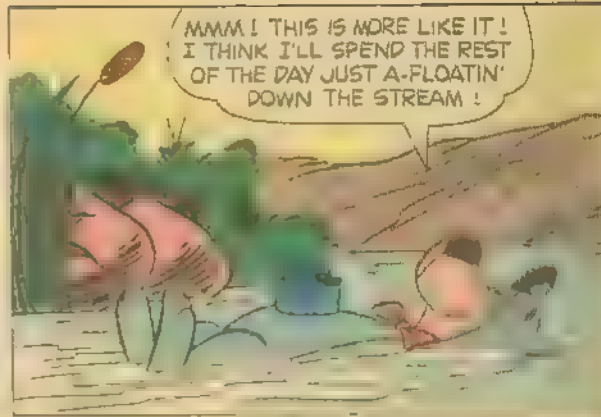
SMOOOOO!

WHIRRR!

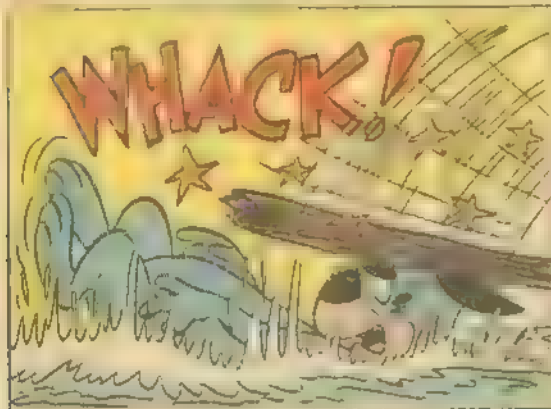




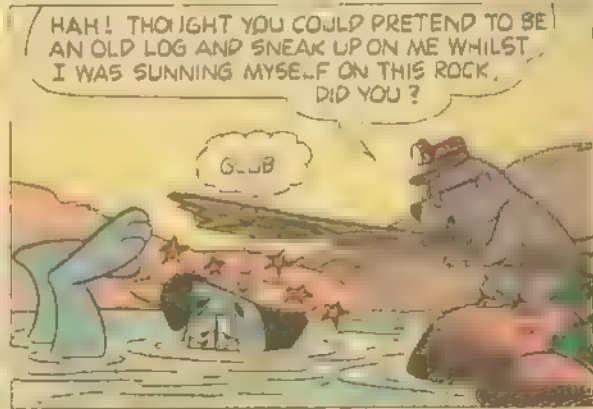
NOTHIN' I HATE WORSE THAN BEING
DIRTIED UP WITH SMELLY, MESSY
SWAMP MUD. UGH! LAST ONE
IN'S AN OL' MUD PIE!



MMM! THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!
I THINK I'LL SPEND THE REST
OF THE DAY JUST A-FLOATIN'
DOWN THE STREAM!

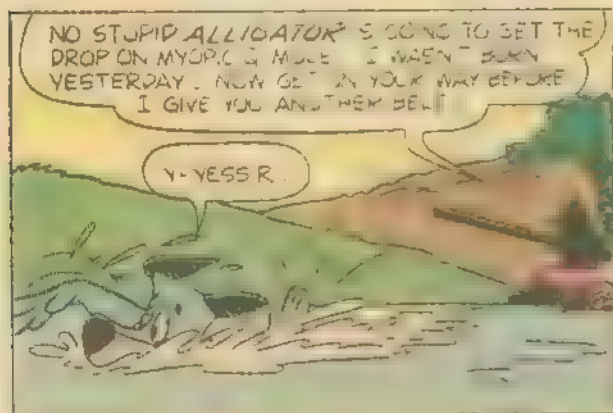


WHACK!



HAH! THOUGHT YOU COULD PRETEND TO BE
AN OLD LOG AND SNEAK UP ON ME WHILST
I WAS SUNNING MYSELF ON THIS ROCK.
DID YOU?

G-UB



NO STUPID ALLIGATOR'S GONNA GET THE
DROP ON MY OLD MOLE. I WAEN' BURN
YESTERDAY. NOW GET IN YOUR WAY BEFORE
I GIVE YOU ANOTHER BELT!

Y-YESS R.



THE'S GETTIN' A MITE DISCOURAGING.
IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE I'M GONNA GET
ANY KEE-AY NO MORE WITH THAT LIL' OL'
MOLE LOOSE. NO TELLIN' WHAT HE'LL
TAKE ME FOR NEXT.



I'LL TRY RELAXIN' IN THIS TREE!
I DON'T THINK HE COULD MISTAKE
ME FOR ANYTHING DANGEROUS-
LIKE UP HERE!



FUNNY, I FEEL LIKE THIS
BRANCH IS TILTING DOWN!
I DIDN'T THINK I WAS
THAT HEAVY!





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HUCKLEBERRY HOUND The JUMPER

